

August, 1933

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# The Liguorian

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Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Per Year \$1.00

Canada and Foreign \$1.25

Single Copies 10c

## AMONG OURSELVES

Someone wrote to us during the past month as follows: "May I presume to write and tell you how much pleasure and instruction I have received from the reading of the July *Liguorian*? I have been receiving it for a number of years and always enjoy it, but I think this issue is your very best. From Father Tim (who really makes you realize what is Holy Year) all through, it holds your interest. . . ."



Anyone may "presume" to write to us in this strain. Or, let us add, in any other strain. We are very humanly pleased to know when *the Liguorian* is being enjoyed, and, though not so humanly, likewise pleased to know when it is not. We wish to be guided, in so far as it is possible, by the wishes of our readers; it is for their sake that *the Liguorian* exists.



This reminds us of a fact that we should like to be able to forget, viz., that so many subscriptions are allowed to lapse each month. Our campaign for readers is largely a mail campaign; but the percentage of returns even on old subscriptions remains very small. Prompt return of subscription blanks filled out—with now and then an added subscription for a friend—is always a testimonial of appreciation, and the only kind that really insures the permanence of *the Liguorian*.



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### The Liguorian

One Dollar per Year

(Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

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Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.







# THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine  
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.  
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXI.

AUGUST, 1933

No. 8

## ***The Blessed Sacrament***

A fragile Host within a monstrance gold  
Reposed upon a throne of beauty rare:  
Of flowers, scenting deep the dreamy air,  
Of tapers, shining with a warmth untold.

Faint clouds of fragrant incense upward rolled  
And seemed the altar as on wings to bear  
While sweetest song that knew no pain nor care  
Adoring hearts enraptured and consoled.

But what the senses could not, faith discerned:  
The Son of God in glory bright enthroned,  
The seraphs who with love eternal burned,  
And saints who for men's negligence atoned.

Oh saving Host, oh God, we Thee adore,  
Our comfort here, our joy forever more!

— F. R. Nastvogel, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### IDLE HANDS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The club rooms in St. Mary's Hall were looking worse for the wear. Time was when the president, imperiously waving a languid cigarette at that broken sofa, would have said: "Jim, give the upholsterer a ring in the morning. Tell him to have a look at that junk," or "Call up Horan's and tell 'em to send out a new rug, twelve by sixteen; this rag looks like it had been used in a freight house. Draw an order on the treasurer, and we'll sign it."

No longer, alas, do they draw orders on the treasurer—and the reason? It is the same as the reason why one does not try to extract blood from a sawdust doll. And so the dilapidated furniture becomes more dilapidated, and the frayed rug becomes more frayed still.

"This is great! This is great!" Father Timothy Casey, Pastor of St. Mary's, had just dropped in and taken one look at the woe-begone faces around the hall. That is why he made a brave try at hilarity, though, God knows, the good man had better excuses for despondency than the gloom-spreaders he was endeavoring to encourage. Then, because he could think of nothing else to say, he repeated for the third time: "This is great!" and added the silly remark: "What have we here today? The Committee on Foreign Travel?"

"Fat chance," Albert grunted. "If it took just the price of one street car fare to travel foreign, I'd have to stay home."

"No, Father," the president informed him, "this is the Committee of the Unemployed, the Committee of the Down-and-Outers, the Committee of the Weary Willies."

"And of the Weary Mollies," added Ann.

"Weary of travelling from one prospect to another, weary of hearing the same old answer: 'Sorry. Places all filled. Not taking on anybody for the present.'"

"Yes," William added, "weary of walking and walking and walking in a hopeless quest for a job, and then weary of doing nothing from rising till dinner time and then doing nothing all afternoon and finally doing nothing all evening, until we go to bed with the bright prospect of a morrow filled with doing nothing."

"Oh, Father, Father! Look out!" Palma fairly screamed. "That chair has a broken leg."

"And you know, Father Casey, you are no featherweight," Alfred suggested in a stage whisper.

Warned by this narrow escape, the priest seized another chair and assured himself of its carrying capacity before sitting down. "Bill," he said, "I was wondering whether you could spare that language phone of yours for a couple of weeks. I wanted —"

"A couple of years, if you like, Father. I have not cranked up that old contraption for I don't know how long."

"Not what it is cracked up to be as a private language tutor, hey, Bill?" Alfred inquired.

"No, Al, I had no kick coming on that score. If a guy would do his stuff regularly, according to the dope they send along with the machine, I am convinced he could get a passable speaking knowledge of any modern language within six months."

"You were interested in Spanish, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir, Spanish. And I'm here to tell you Spanish is what you want in the American business world today. Why, if I had known Spanish, I should probably have been kept on when fifty per cent of our office force was dropped."

"Then, why did you give up the lessons—since the method was practical and the need was evident—why did you give it up?"

"Took too much time. To do it right, you would have to spend from two to four hours daily. I tried it for a while, but found it just a little too thick—after working hard in the office all day."

"Something like my fiddling," Elmer informed them. "I believe I have some natural talent for the violin. I like it, too. But the time. If you don't give it a few hours every day, you are not going to get anywhere. And I didn't have a few hours every day, so I dropped it."

"'Sfunny," Ann commented, "'twas the same with my shorthand. Looks like everything you really want to do takes more time than you really have to do it in."

"Even your prayers?" Father Casey inquired maliciously.

"Yes, Father, even my prayers." Ann faced him squarely. "I could never pray better than during my noon-day visit down town. But we had barely an hour for lunch. By the time I got to the restaurant, swallowed my glass of milk with the trimmings, then walked a block and a

half to the church, I had very little time left for my visit. How I should have loved to have at least another quarter of an hour to stay there and talk things over with Our Lord and His Blessed Mother."

"I know Father Casey will not believe me, but I could say the same thing," Alfred protested. "You remember, Father, when you gave us that retreat a couple of years ago. What you said about daily Mass just got me. I kept it up for two months after the retreat. And I can say I never put in a better two months in my life. But the time. First of all, I did not get enough sleep. Then the grand rush every morning, to get up and shave and dress and eat and get over to the church for Mass, and after Mass to do a Marathon for the street car in order to be at the plant by the time the whistle blew. I just had to give it up, though I did not want to."

"But—a—why?" The priest was wondering. "Isn't that strange? I did not see you at Mass."

"Yes, Father, you did see me. You used to give me a little smile when you passed down the aisle on your way to the confessional. Don't you remember, Father? Oh, but of course you would not remember what a little shrimp like me was doing two years ago. You have seen so many things happen since then."

"Two years ago? I remember that well enough. And I remember how tickled I was to see you there every day; I was even beginning to hope for your conversion. No, I was not talking about two years ago; I was talking about this morning."

"This morning!"

"Yes, this morning, and yesterday morning, and the day before yesterday."

"But, Father, I wasn't there."

"You were not there? But that does not clear up the difficulty; it only complicates it. You said the only reason why you did not continue the excellent practice of daily Mass was because you did not have the time. Now you have nothing else but time, yet you never come to week-day Mass."

"Does Ann make her noon-day visit?" Alfred was mean enough to ask. "She no longer has to cut it short to be back on the job at one o'clock—because there ain't no job."

"Why bring that up?" Ann pouted.

"And Bill knows from experience the business utility of a knowl-

edge of Spanish, to say nothing of the mental development and the cultural advantages," Father Casey added. "He has the means at hand; he has all the time in the world. Yet here he sits whining about nothing to do and neglects this golden opportunity.

"And Ann, too," the priest continued unmercifully, "even in boom times, when she had a good position where knowledge of shorthand was not necessary, she realized it would be an asset. Then she had not the time to acquire it. Now she has nothing to do. And she does just that. She has not enough sense to take up the study of shorthand, which would give her occupation, keep her out of mischief, make her more valuable to the next firm that hires her, and even hasten the day when she will be hired.

"And that other slacker, Elmer." He was not sparing any of them. "God has given him real talent for the violin. Just now he has the chance of his life to develop that talent to the point where it will become a source of joy to him and to all who listen to him. But his fiddle is gathering cobwebs while he lolls here in the club room with his unpolished boots planted on the back of a broken sofa and croaks with the frogs while he should be making music with the birds."

"Aw, have a heart, Father Casey," Elmer indolently complained. But he found an excuse to slip his feet down to the floor where they belonged.

"What's the use, Father?" Alfred objected. "You yourself will admit that we worked, and worked hard, while we were paid for our work. Suppose we used this enforced idleness to do all the things you suggest; it would be only a gamble at the best. We might never be one cent richer for it."

"Shame on you, Al. Is that the highest, the noblest, the only motive you can find for working—the handful of filthy lucre you receive in return? If all men had had this low, mercenary spirit, most of the greatest achievements of our race would never have been attempted."

"Noble, disinterested motives make for beautiful poetry—but in plain, everyday life, a man has got to eat."

"I believe you all do eat with fair regularity, even during the depression. Your food may be very simple. You may have, or rather your poor mother may have the humiliation of asking the butcher or the baker to be patient a little longer about the bill, but you eat. Not one of you has gone for twenty-four hours without eating. Yet how many a good man, in war and in peace, in new countries and in old, has been

without food longer than that, but has pushed on with the project in hand, nevertheless."

"I can stand hunger and I can stand hard work, but I cannot stand discouragement," Alfred protested. "This thing of lying around without a job, or even the prospect of one, saps my energy. I just have not the heart to do anything, not even to get up of a weekday morning and go to Mass."

"The time of discouragement is the time to show you are a real man," Father Casey exclaimed. "Fair weather courage, the courage that cannot breast a storm, the courage that shrivels up at the first cold blast of adversity, is not manly courage. Brace up. Use your will power. Go to Mass and say your prayers that God may strengthen your will power. Go to work. There is plenty to do. Don't wait until somebody offers you money to induce you to work. You have been spoiled by looking upon work as nothing but a means of procuring money for your own selfish needs and pleasures. Don't wait for money. Work even without it. Clean up this club room. Get a hammer and saw and mend the broken furniture. Go home and tell your mother you will level the lawn, and clean up the basement and the attic, and scrub and plane and varnish the floor. Get down in earnest to the study of your mother tongue, of a foreign language, of music, typing, stenography. There is no scarcity of work. You may not be paid in money, but you will be paid in self discipline, self reliance, self improvement. That is currency the International Conference cannot tinker with."

### IMMORTALITY

Socrates, the Sage of ancient Greece has said:

"We must always remember, oh men, that on the question of the immortality of the soul, depends the practical question whether we shall or shall not live in such a manner as to provide for the good of the soul. Were death a freeing from everything, the thought of death would be a pleasant one for the wicked for by death the wicked would be freed from all evil both of body and of soul. But since the soul is immortal, there is no other flight from evil for it, no other welfare, except we live as good a life as possible."

In these words Socrates has also expressed the reason why the wicked and the godless deny the immortality of the soul. They do not wish to fall into the eternal punishments which they have so richly deserved.

## It's Fun to be Fooled

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

Men swarm like flies around anyone who offers something for nothing; they are drawn magnetically by anything that can be called a freak; and they worship as a hero a man who does something no one has ever done before.

This human world has always, in some way or other, been a happy hunting-ground for confidence men, hokum artists, buncombe specialists, and schemers. But the human race, although fooled again and again, still sits up and begs for more. And there are always some who are ready to do the fooling—and be paid for it.

\* \* \*

There were two things that Wally Pounder possessed: 1. Five hundred dollars in the bank; 2. A desire to have five hundred thousand.

In his desires he sloughed off all the slow-but-sure methods and decided that if he were going to get rich at all, he might as well get rich in a hurry. He stacked up all the tested get-rich-quick schemes that have found a place in Finance's Hall of Fame, and when he had looked them full in the face one by one, he slapped down the whole row of them like a parade of wooden soldiers. He wanted a scheme that would produce quick results, huge profits, and require little effort; and above all, he meant to play a lone hand.

Wally gave up his job at the American Can Company of Chicago. (What? Ah, yes! This is where the fooling begins, dear reader. Have faith! It's fun to be fooled.) While prowling around Chicago looking for an idea, he stopped at the corner of Lincoln and Belmont, was attracted by a "See the World With the Marines" poster, and instantly was lost in deep meditation. Fascination seized him as he looked at the powerful guns that poked their muzzles at him. He was slipping into intellectual passivity while his imagination began to ride him at a gallop.

"I wonder how far such a gun could throw a man inside a shell."

Then his overworked brain began to function again, and the idea was born.

"I'm going to fly to Mars in the shell of a rocket!" He paused. "This will give 'em the blind staggers."

Fly to Mars in a rocket! Simple, wasn't it? Just to think of it like that, it was easy. And then to come back to earth again. Just as simple,

wasn't it? The rest was easy. He would be rich within a month—a week—after his return. How? Ah-ha! It's fun to be fooled.

\* \* \*

Wally Pounder was not as silly as all this sounds. Possessing the kind of brain that spells success for a combination press-agent and adventurer, he soon put his plan into action.

First he withdrew his five hundred dollars from the bank. Then he began to haunt the public libraries, reading books on astronomy and sciences in general. Finally he set to work.

On the far north side of Chicago, he rented a vacant lot with no houses in the immediate vicinity. He had erected a high board fence around it bearing the signs of "No Admittance," and he hired four men to patrol the circuit of the place in shifts, all day and all night. Of course, he needed publicity, but by no means could he pay for it. But Wally proved himself to be no amateur in attracting attention. Two days after the erection of the fence he was rewarded. A newspaper reporter happened along just as Wally came out at the gate.

"What's going on here, Buddy?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, big things. Big things." Wally assimilated the professional air of the reporter in an instant. Then he waved his hand deprecatingly to explain his statement as merely a modest assertion.

Then followed the battle of giant intellects; the reporter questioned with barbed words; Wally threw out sops of information which drew the reporter on like a beefsteak would a hound. The newspaper man flattered himself for his oily way of warping a "scoop" out of Wally, and Wally felt his soul chuckle as he realized what a pocket-book worth of advertising he was going to get out of this.

The next day the papers had the story. It occupied a small patch of the third page. The public pounced on it as it always pounces on freak stories of this kind. The paper, in answer to the demand, inflated the story day by day until it had floated to the first page and stretched itself the length of a column.

Wally Pounder's rocket flight to Mars was the talk of the town.

Sophisticated Chicagoans winked at each other as they looked up from the reading of the story, while they wondered secretly just what amount of truth lay cloaked by all this hokum. The gullible, with a telescope glued to their mind's eye, could already see Wally standing on Mars, waving the American flag and shouting: "Folks, it's wonderful.



I wish you could be here with me to . . . " Others were openly skeptical and scoffed—but not too forcefully.

Day after day larger crowds swarmed around the board fence on Wally's lot. Strenuous work was being done inside, as was indicated by the loads of sand and cement that were hauled into the place. Finally he gave the full story to the Sunday papers.

**CHICAGO YOUTH ASTONISHES SCIENTISTS!!!  
PROPOSED ROCKET FLIGHT TO MARS  
ROCKS CITY TO ITS BASE!!!**

Then it told how the event would take place on the following Tuesday. Wally had so overwhelmed the reporters with astronomical and other scientific data that their account made it hard even for scientists to understand just what really was going to be done and just how Wally was going to do it.

It would never do, Wally stated, to attempt a rocket flight to Mars in a straight line. The thing to do, he argued, was to wait until the planet Mars and the earth occupied favorable positions. He sketched a rough diagram for the reporters, and the papers reproduced it. No rocket would ever propel itself upward in a straight line until it reached Mars. But it was possible to obtain enough force to project the rocket, sent off at a slight angle, to such a height that when the force of gravity would overcome the upward motion, it would descend in a curved line and be shunted down toward the planet Mars, sweep past the planet, and dart back again toward the earth, having been finally and absolutely drawn inward again by the force of gravity. Meanwhile the earth would have turned half a revolution so that he would land in the same spot from which he started.

Scientists stayed up nights trying to show by statistics and tables and experiments that Wally's project was impossible. But somehow or other, they could not find the real weak spot in the theory, especially since Wally had told absolutely nobody just how the rocket was built, how it was propelled, guided, or fitted up interiorly. That was the mystery.

Early on Tuesday, the day set for the "flight," the neighborhood around the vacant lot was choked with crowds. In answer to Wally's request, the Chief of Police had sent out a special squad who kept the crowds from crashing the fence. Twenty-seven minutes and thirty-six seconds after nine o'clock had been the time named by Wally as the precise moment for the hurling of the rocket.

At 9:15 some workmen knocked down the board fence, and very soon the great throng enjoyed an unobstructed view of the scene. In the center of the lot was a huge tube-like affair made of concrete and resting on a base of similar material. Around the base of the concrete tube were packed huge sacks of sand. To the practiced eye a slight tilt toward the east was discernible in the elevation of the tube. It was about eight feet high, three feet in diameter, and looked like a swollen cannon pointing upward.

The crowd grew impatient.

At 9:25 a car drove through the crowd and stopped near the "projection shaft," as Wally had named the concrete tube. Wally, dressed in flying togs, stepped out of the car, looked around, and seemed prepared.

At 9:27 Wally, by means of a ladder, got up to the mouth of the tube, slipped down into it, and exactly twenty-seven minutes and thirty-six seconds after nine o'clock a loud rumbling roar shook the ground. Smoke poured from the tube and lost itself in the sky. The crowd saw or imagined a dark object hurling itself upward with the speed of a star. The tube itself crumbled to pieces and lay there a heap of cracked concrete. If anybody was looking for Wally Pounder just then, that person had a long look ahead.

Wally had trained his assistants well. As he had foreseen, the reporters, having snapped their pictures at the moment of the explosion, rushed forward to examine the remains of the tube and the base. The workmen, with the help of the police, held them off. They had a hard time dispersing the crowd. Later on they began to clear up the mess of concrete and sacks of sand.

\* \* \*

According to his reported calculations, Wally would come back to earth at exactly twenty-seven minutes and thirty-six seconds after nine o'clock in the evening; just twelve hours for the round trip. Very many people, having seen Wally carry out his promise of taking off in the morning, refused to go near the lot for fear of being struck by the returning rocket. But the ubiquitous reporters and a few other hardy spirits were on the spot long before nine o'clock. They were frankly and scornfully skeptical.

The appointed time came—but Wally did not.

At nine-thirty they grew mildly impatient.

"Aw, give the leaping boy a chance," barked one reporter. "Maybe he's in conference with the president of Mars. Hey, hey!"

It was 9:45, just as some began to leave, that a man came running from a drug store some blocks away.

"They got him! He made it!"

Incoherently blubbing as he was, the druggist finally managed to let them know that Wally Pounder had been picked up out of Lake Michigan at 9:30 near the Coast Guard Station. The men at the station had heard a cry for help at 9:27, had rushed a boat out quickly, were drawn by Wally's cries and had taken him in. He mumbled his name, mumbled something about calling up Walred's Drug Store No. 7. . . .

"Slight miscalculation in regard to landing. Better next time. Sorry. . . ." And he muttered off into unconsciousness.

\* \* \*

As he predicted, Wally was on the road to riches in three days. While he was in the hospital, reporters interviewed him tenderly but zealously; they glutted themselves while he talked in a hugely general way about the trip. Remarkable! But he would give no details. The reporters resented this; Wally waved them off. The details, he said, were valuable, and—he needed the money.

His signed stories for the papers brought him his first bankroll. They were wildly imaginative. Then as he grew as a hero, offers for this and that came pouring in: vaudeville appearances, a tour of the country. Receptions were held, speeches were given. And perhaps the most lavishly gushing fountain of wealth that now played upon him was given its sustaining force by that ever ready band of sickeningly rich men who pose sometimes as the patrons of the sciences and arts. Wally's personality was the only thing that saved him; he became the Prince of Bluff. But there was no end to his triumphs, and the influx of cash increased. He thought of trying to stop it, but he couldn't.

\* \* \*

Naturally, one of the first things the grateful and lavish public wanted to know was how he performed his great feat. They wanted the details—about the people of Mars, about the trip, his reactions, the thrills, the descent into the lake. But Wally held them off.

"Men of science," he affirmed, "will agree with me that it is unwise to proceed hastily in this affair. My data must be collated and verified. Amid all this excitement this cannot be done."

But at last, after insistent urging, he promised to make the first definite public statement about his experiences on Sunday evening next at eight o'clock. He would speak over a nation-wide hook-up.

Sunday night the nation waited for the crash of Wally's voice in their loud-speakers.

The nation is still waiting.

The fact is that Wally failed to appear at the studio in Chicago. But a messenger, coming in at one minute to eight, brought a letter addressed to the station and announcer.

"Read this," ran the legend on the envelope, "to the public. Sorry to disappoint you.—Wally."

Here is the letter: (Nothing could be more to the point and at the same time more improbable.)

"To the dear Public:

I never started for Mars.

Beneath that concrete tube was an underground concrete chamber. I dropped into that when I slipped into the projection shaft. Then I pushed a trench mortar (I bought it from a gangster) into position under the tube, and sent a shell from the mortar through the tube. The shell landed in Lake Michigan.

Next I slid a steel plate into position over the entrance to the underground chamber, cutting off all approach from outside.

While the crowd thought I was on my way to Mars, I was down there surrounded by concrete, chuckling. Then I crawled into a sack and when my men hauled away the concrete and the sacks of sand, they hauled me along in a truck.

That night I got into a small skiff, rowed out into the lake, and came in toward the Coast Guard Station. When near the station, I capsized the boat, watched it sink and began to swim for shore, calling for help.

You know the rest.—Oh, dear public, how you like to be fooled. Thanks for the money. And if you intend to collect, you'll have to come to Mars. I got an early start this morning, and my fingers are crossed.

Wally Pounder."

In thousands of homes more thousands of faces began to grin as the announcer's story ended. Men there were who looked at each other sheepishly; others there were who winked and smiled with an "I-told-

you-so" expression. But all this just for a moment. For all ears were quickly turned again to the loud-speakers as the announcer broadcast the startling and thrilling news that next Saturday Hugo Bashek, the famous grappler, would engage in a wrestling match with a tractor in the Agricultural Exhibit at "A Century of Progress."

And the thousands of listeners asked each other in amazement: "Ain't dat sump'n?"

And now I ask *you*, dear reader: "Isn't it fun to be fooled?"



### THE WEIGHT OF WORRIES

A wayfaring man carried a sack under which he groaned and complained unceasingly. From none would he take help or comfort.

And as he slowly journeyed on, toiling under his burden, an angel of cheer came to him and spoke kindly, saying:

"Brother, what carriest thou?"

The man answered surlily, "My worries."

The angel smiled pityingly upon him and said: "Let us look into the bundle and examine thy worries."

And so they looked in. But lo! the sack was empty.

"Why," cried the man, "there were two great worries, too heavy for man to bear. But—ah, yes. I had forgotten—one was a worry of yesterday and so it is gone."

"And the other?"

"Well, that—that was a worry of tomorrow, and it—it is not here."

Then the angel smiled upon the man with infinite pity, saying:

"Hearken, he who bows himself down under the worries of yesterday and tomorrow, wears himself out for nought. But he who carries only the worries of today hath no need of a sack for his worries. If thou wilt cast this black thing aside, and give all thy strength and cheer and courage to the things of today, then real misfortune can never overcome thee."

Whereupon the man did as the angel of cheer commanded.

And as he took up his journey and went lightly, swiftly on, his hands were free to relieve many other wayfarers of their burdens, and to pluck for himself sweet fruits and flowers along the wayside.

And when he came at last to the setting of the sun it was with smiles and a song.

# One Hundred Years . . . Whither?

## THE CENTENARY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Tract 90: Remarks on Certain Passages in the Thirty-Nine Articles, published February 27, 1841, marked a crisis in the Oxford Movement. It was written, apparently, to keep those who had Catholic leanings from joining the Church of Rome. Therefore, Newman tried to show that the Thirty-Nine Articles, speaking of Scripture and the Church, General Councils, Justification, Purgatory, the Invocation of Saints, the Mass, the Celibacy of the Clergy, and so on, can bear a Catholic interpretation. His avowed design was to stretch each article as far as possible in the Roman direction. He says himself: "I was aiming far more at ascertaining what a man who subscribed it might hold than what he must."

### ITS RECEPTION

On the morning it appeared in print, W. G. Ward burst excitedly into the room of his friend Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) and threw down a pamphlet on the table.

"Here," he cried, "is something worth reading!"

Tait was only half awake, and began to read; but soon finding his Protestant prejudices attacked and wounded, he jumped up, and hurried off to spread the alarm among his friends.

This little scene gives us a fair idea of the reception the Tract met on various sides. In a few weeks 12,000 copies of the Tract were sold. Everybody read it.

The University censured him at once and harshly, accusing him of being a traitor to his solemn engagement to uphold the Thirty-Nine Articles. Arnold wrote:

"My feelings toward a Roman Catholic are quite different from my feelings toward a Newmanite, because I think the one a fair enemy, the other a treacherous one. The one is a Frenchman in his own uniform, and within his own praesidia; the other is a Frenchman disguised in a red coat, and holding a part within our praesidia for the purpose of betraying it. I should honor the first, and hang the second." (*Thureau-Dangin, Vol. I, p. 191.*)

Several of the bishops condemned the Tract; Lord Morpeth denounced the Tractarian Movement in the House of Commons. Few among those who became alarmed and indignant took the trouble to examine the historical or theological arguments of the Tract.

Newman's own Bishop, influenced by the hue and cry, wished him to withdraw the Tract.

"This I refused to do," he writes. (*Apologia*, p. 132): "I would not do so for the sake of those who were unsettled or in danger of unsettlement. I would not do so for my own sake; for how could I acquiesce in a mere Protestant interpretation of the Articles?"

"Next they said, 'Keep silence; do not defend the Tract'; I answered, 'Yes, if you will not condemn it—if you will allow it to continue on sale' . . . . So they let me continue it on sale; and they said they would not condemn it. But they said that this was on condition that I did not defend it, that I stopped the series, and that I myself published my own condemnation in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford . . . . also they said that they could not answer for what individual bishops might perhaps say about the Tract in their own charges. I agreed to their conditions. My one point was to save the Tract."

But the Bishop of Oxford did not stand by this agreement.

Newman's friends took up his defense. Newman's silence was in effect an abdication from his leadership. In this he saw the guidance of Divine Providence, which made his own future easier.

What was the effect upon him? Although he still held to Anglicanism and warned his followers against conversion to Rome, he was feeling more and more deeply that his position was untenable. To a friend of his he wrote:

"Candidly I own that the Bishop's charges (on Tract 90) are very serious matters. . . I cannot deny that a great and anxious experiment is going on, whether our Church be or be not Catholic; the issue may not be in our day. But I must be plain in saying that, if it does issue in Protestantism I shall think it my duty, if alive, to leave it."

The following year he retired to Littlemore. He took with him his most precious treasure—his library of theological and Patristic books.

"Let us turn aside from shadows," he said. "Strive with the grace of God to improve and sanctify the interior man. Then we cannot go wrong."

What a beautiful thought—in one sentence the whole theology of faith! Now that he felt the foundations of his position in the Anglican Church crumble under him, he felt he needed Divine light and help to



go on. He offered this retreat to all who were passing through a crisis similar to his own. He found a sort of monastery there.

Such was their life, as described by Thureau-Dangin:

"The life was poor and austere, with nothing of English comfort; the cells were narrow, the ceilings low, the walls whitewashed. No servants were kept in the house; a cook came daily, and a boy for odd jobs. Almost continual abstinence, frequent and rigorous fasts; during Advent and Lent the attempt was made to delay the meal until five o'clock in the evening, but by the doctor's advice this had to be relinquished.

"The festivals and offices of the Catholic Liturgy were entirely observed; the Breviary was recited in common at the canonical hours in the oratory. This oratory, being intended only for the private use of the community, did not prevent attendance at the public services in the village Church. It had no altar, but on the table between two candlesticks stood a Spanish crucifix. Matins were recited at 6 A. M. . . .

"Meditation and self-examination were made daily, Confession weekly, Communion frequently. In addition to the prayers and offices, which occupied a good portion of the time, all were engaged in study. Silence reigned in the house. There was reading during the meals. In the afternoon there was a walk in common, and after the evening meal a gathering in the library; great was the universal joy when the master shared in these recreations."

Thus Newman tried to withdraw. But in vain. Many still wrote to him asking advice and counsel. More still suspected his silence and retirement; they pried into his retreat, they wrote about him and denounced his "monastery" in the papers.

So great were the trials to which Newman was subjected by the clergy and the members of the Anglican Church, that some have tried to attribute his conversion to the disappointment he felt. This is far from the truth. It was his study of the Fathers of the Church which made him see clearly the truth of the Roman Church, while the evident intrusion of the government in the affairs of the Established Church and the lack of any spiritual authority in it, that finally obliged him in conscience to submit to Rome. There is hardly anything more pathetic than the long struggle between his heart—which, with all its tenderest cords, held him to the English Church—and his mind, which saw the truth of the matter. If his long self-discipline and holiness of life had not fashioned him already, this gave him the last touches of that indefinable power over souls which was his—even more after his conversion than before.

The end of his delay came in October 1845. He was already intellectually convinced. As a last human means, he set himself to write his Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine. Two days after he finished he was received into the Church by Father Dominic, a Passionist. This took place at Littlemore.

"It is impossible," says Mark Pattison, one of Newman's former



disciples, "to describe the enormous effect produced in the academical and clerical world, I may say, throughout England, by one man's changing his religion." Gladstone wrote to Bishop Wilberforce: "I regard Newman's secession as an event as unexampled as an epoch."

PUSEY AND MANNING

Now that the leader was gone, what happened to the Tractarian Movement? For the "Via Media," which they had labored for ten years to build, was now shown to be baseless and impossible. How could they any longer maintain a position which their master had recognized to be untenable?

The movement indeed reeled under the blow. Rogers, one of the remaining members said:

"Newman had left those who had adhered to him headless, unorganized, suspected by others and suspecting each other; for nobody yet knew who would follow where he led. For a time, a kind of perplexed hopelessness prevailed; who would trust us?"

Pusey was pushed into the position of leadership—and he had at least some qualities of a leader—a certain authority by virtue of his position, his learning and his virtues; but most of all—what was needed by the Movement at the time, an incapability of harboring a doubt about the Church of England. He could explain away almost every objection and when he could not, he contented himself with saying that "there must be some solution . . ." and he waited patiently till he should find it.

Many, like Robert Wilberforce, were held in the Established Church by Keble's and Pusey's fidelity to it. Talking to Wilberforce one day, Manning declared that he had no hope for the Church of England.

"I not only believe that nothing will be done, but nothing can. The fault seems to me to be in the original position."

"But," said Wilberforce, "you cannot condemn a Church which has such men in it like Keble."

"I must condemn it," replied Manning, "whoever be in it—if I find it wrong in principle."

The mention of Manning's name brings us to another name that figures largely in the Oxford Movement—at a time when it ceased to be a University Movement and had passed into a parochial movement. Manning had never really been a disciple of Newman—rather, they worked side by side. Manning's character, severe and dominating, was totally different from Newman's. He embarked on an ecclesiastical ca-

reer—and such was his success that Gladstone called him the “pearl” of the Anglican Clergy. The highest offices and honors were open to him.

But—like Newman—without ever coming into contact with Catholic priests or Catholic life—by the force of the morsels of Catholic teaching and practice which he adopted, he was gradually led into the full light.

Like Newman, he went through a heart-rending struggle. The letters he wrote at this time are so poignant they almost draw tears to one's eyes as we read them and reflect that for the faith we take so easily, these great men, so to speak, shed their heart's blood.

“All that makes or ever has made life dear to me is on this (the Anglican) side,” so he wrote. But he had to admit to his friend, Hope, that:

“I feel with you that the argument is complete. For a long time I nevertheless felt a fear lest I should be doing an act morally wrong. This fear has passed away.”

This was December 11, 1850. As soon as the news of Manning's impending conversion was noised abroad, the storm began. Some, like his own brother, were moved to resentment and fanatic anger; others, like Gladstone, pressed him with arguments; others, whom he had so long directed and guided, appealed to him with tenderness. But the light was clear.

In March 1851 he assisted for the last time at the Anglican service. It was in a little chapel off Buckingham Palace Road. Mr. Gladstone was kneeling by Manning's side. Just before the Communion Service, he turned to Gladstone and said:

“I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.” He rose—and laying his hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, said, “Come.”

“It was the parting of the ways. Mr. Gladstone remained and I went my way. Mr. Gladstone still remains where I left him,” wrote Manning later on. He went straight to the Catholic Church and said his first Hail Mary. On April 6, 1851, he was received into the Church.

Once more the Oxford Movement shook. Gladstone wrote in despair: “I feel as if I had lost my two eyes.”

The stir was all the greater because many others besides Manning entered the Church. Some had preceded him, but a greater number followed. With the departure of these men, the Oxford Movement took a somewhat different course.

## RITUALISM

The Oxford Movement had been mainly doctrinal. However, the stress laid upon the doctrine of the Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass and Confession, naturally impelled toward a revision of the ceremonial. Pusey himself, in answer to the question: "What is Puseyism?" drew up in 1840 a sort of program, the fifth article of which reads:

"Regard for the visible part of devotion, such as the decoration of the House of God, which acts insensibly on the mind."

Newman was very conservative in this matter; he feared that if ceremonials were encouraged, the Movement might become superficial. Pusey's disciples went to the limit. One of their opponents, Golightly, who had been Newman's bitterest denouncer, thus enumerates the Roman practices which the Ritualists adopted: "Auricular Confession, Altar Crosses and Crucifixes, Processions and Processional Crosses and Banners, Stone Altars, the Romish Wafer, Mixing Water with Wine at the Eucharist, Elevation of the Bread and Chalice, Bowing to them, the Priest Crossing Himself, Unction of the Sick, Prayers for the Dead, Masses for the Dead, Romish Vestments, Romish Ornaments, Sisterhoods."—It reads almost like the Table of Contents of one of our Rituals.

In fact, the Anglican Bishop of London complained: "There are churches among us in which the ornaments about the Communion Table, and the dress and attitudes and whole manner of the officiating clergy, render it difficult for a stranger, when he enters, to know whether he is a Roman or in an Anglican place of worship."

It had to be so, of course, when once they adopted the literal meaning of Our Lord's words: This is My Body . . . This is My Blood. And it is a fact, admitted by all candid observers, that the introduction of the Catholic ritual into a church invariably coincided with a renewal of religious fervor. The Clergy took the name of "Father"; the members of the Sisterhoods were called "Sisters." And they did remarkable work among the poor.

But the course of the Ritualists was even more troublous than that of the Tractarians had been. They were tossed between the Broad Church (liberal) and the Low Church (Evangelical), and politicians took a hand for their own ends. The Anglican Bishops charged them, admonished them, condemned them; the Clergy of the Broad and Low Churches wrote scathingly against them; the populace often disturbed

their services and even threatened violence. But because there was no authority in the Anglican Church, there was no means of stopping them. Sometimes the Broad Church agreed with them, because they wished a great deal of latitude for their own liberalistic and rationalistic views; sometimes the Low Church agreed with them, because they welcomed any aid against the rationalism and modernism becoming every day more and more evident.

Feeling rose to unusual height in 1874 when the "Public Worship Regulation Act" was passed. Gladstone opposed it in an eloquent speech recalling the "scandalous" state of worship in the beginning of the century. Disraeli, Gladstone's successor as Prime Minister, defended it vehemently. It was passed on August 7, 1874. In 1875 there were 119 churches in London that were more or less Ritualistic.

They went on in defiance of the law and the Bishops. "Would that I could deal with you as a Bishop!" said one of the Anglican Prelates to one of his refractory subjects. But he could not—the law of the State stood in his way.

They went on, apparently, in defiance of all logic, too. Adopting all that history could teach them of the Catholic Church of old England, before the so-called Reformation, they yet overlooked the whole kernel of the matter. In England they would take part in a Catholic Church; during the holidays they hastened to the Continent to participate joyfully in Catholic offices and devotions.

In 1885 Lord Halifax assumed the leadership. His adopted life work was to labor for the Reunion of the Church of England with Rome. But he died, and Ritualism remains what it was. And the struggle within the Anglican Church is allayed by its Primate now and then, by a reference to the comprehensiveness of the Church of England.

The Oxford Movement apparently has not yet reached a goal.

"If there is no authority in things which Christendom has called moral, then the Eugenists are free to treat men as we treat animals. They need not palter with the stale and timid compromise and convention called Birth-control. The obvious course for them is to act towards babies as they act toward kittens. Let all the babies be born; and then let us drown those we do not like. Until I see a real pioneer and progressive leader coming out with a good bold scientific program for drowning babies I will not join the movement."

—G. K. Chesterton in *The Sign*.

## The Dawn of History and Recent Excavations

EDWARD A. MANGAN, C.Ss.R.

It is quite common to see in Sunday Supplements of the newspapers accounts and pictures of the results of excavations at present being made in the Orient. Rev. Edward Mangan, professor of Scripture at the Redemptorist Seminary, discusses some of these researches here.

Boys who dig caves and laughingly say that they are digging to find the land of the Chinese do not realize that there may be a portion of truth in what they say. Of course they will never find China by digging in America but any section of the inhabited earth if excavated in the right

place and if dug into deep enough may yield evidence which will throw light on epochs of history that are obscure, correct opinions that are built on insufficient evidence, or at times, even supply historical knowledge that has been totally lacking up to those times.

Fortunately little of this digging is left to chance. It has always been recognized that much of the history of past ages may still lie buried in the earth and it has always been the aim of learned men to promote the systematic searching into the depths of the earth for records of bygone times.

To guide them in this organized excavating, men have knowingly or unknowingly used the Bible. For the Bible, in spite of what evil-minded men may say, is after all a supremely important and infallibly true source of the history of mankind. When the Bible recounts historical events we may be sure that those events took place just as God tells them and when the Bible says that a certain people inhabited a certain city in a certain part of the earth we may be sure that the statement is true though we have no other record for it. Men who reverence the Bible as God's word have deliberately used the bible as a guide then, and even men who outwardly scorn the Bible, still recognizing its worth, have unknowingly, and sometimes against their wishes, used the descriptions and dimensions and distances of the Bible accounts to direct them in their diggings after historical information. Thus it has happened time after time that fruitful searchings have but served to prove the statements of the Bible true, or have thrown light on something that seemed obscure, or have yielded new knowledge that has supplemented what we knew from the Bible.

The history of ancient Egypt has to a great extent been reconstructed from the results of excavations and much of this new knowledge has clarified what Moses and the Prophets say of Egypt and its people. Excavations have brought to light many of the sites of the most ancient cities mentioned in the Bible, and lo! they are found in just those parts of the world where a reader of the Bible would naturally search for them. Niniveh, Erech, Ur, Nippur, Kish are some of the cities so found. The exact sites of the places hallowed by the events of the Passion and Death of Our Lord have been determined, some with certainty, others with more or less probability, as the results of excavations.

In late years, particularly since the world war, a new impetus has been given to the work of excavating. The scene of the greater part of it has been the "Near East," or that part of the globe so intimately connected with bible history, namely, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Arabia and ancient Assyria and Babylonia, the land lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers. And the results of the latest excavations have been most gratifying. For instance, just last year evidence was dug up around the ancient city of Jericho which according to many authorities will aid very materially in establishing the date of the destruction of the city in olden times on the advent of the Jews. We all remember the romantic story of that episode from our bible history days. If this evidence turns out to be as substantial as it is now thought to be a most important step will have been taken toward exact Bible chronology.

#### DISCOVERIES IN IRAQ

However it is too early to speak at length on this very late result of the diggings in Palestine. I am going to pass over Palestine for this time and shall speak of some very interesting and very fruitful searchings made in Iraq or in ancient Babylonia or Chaldea. What I speak of includes findings that were made from 1919 to 1928. At the beginning of the period, 1919, an expedition of the British Museum began to dig at Tell al-Muqayyar, the site of the ancient city or Ur whence Abraham originally came. In 1922 a joint expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania continued the work here and at Tell al-Ubaid, a site about four miles to the west of Ur. The results of the excavations up to and including the year 1928 have been truly remarkable as has been recognized by newspapers and periodicals and scholars the world over.

Mr. C. Leonard Woolley who has been in charge of the joint ex-

pedition since 1922 collaborated with Mr. H. R. Hall in publishing the first description of the findings under the title of Publications of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania to Mesopotamia. And in another book, *The Sumerians*, Mr. Woolley has used all his findings to reconstruct the history of the Sumerians a people who before the year 3000 B.C. invaded the southern part of old Babylonia where Ur was situated, and from there extended their influence over a great part of the world. Mr. Woolley in both publications used also the findings of the excavations at Kish, a city older than Ur, which was situated in the northern part of old Babylonia, east of the ancient city of Babylon. Since Mr. Woolley wrote, all the world has acknowledged that the findings of the Joint Expedition were most certainly remarkable and important. Whether all of the conclusions of the author are to be admitted, especially his proneness to push back his dates from two hundred to three hundred years farther than other very good authorities, is a question to be decided at another time. But let us review briefly what has been done in Ur and Tell al-Ubaid and Kish and let us see whether the work has helped in any way to throw light on the Bible.

In Tell al-Ubaid, which remember, is but four miles removed from Ur, a chapel was uncovered, the oldest part of which was built by the founder of the first dynasty of Ur. It gave evidences, many of them, of a people who at the early age of 2800 or 2900 years before Our Lord (to put it conservatively) had attained a high degree of culture.

At Ur itself royal inscriptions to the number of 309 were found and an analysis of these brought to light that the first dynasty of Ur was the third after the flood (whether the records mean a Mesopotamian flood or the flood of the Bible, may be known later) and that before Ur attained its sovereignty at the time of the first dynasty of Ur, Kish and Erech had ruled supreme.

Also in Ur the excavators unearthed a cemetery which revealed more than any book could, the high degree of civilization to which the Sumerians had attained. Some of the graves dated back to times beyond the dynastic history of the Sumerians, therefore possibly back to 3200 before Christ. Besides the common graves of the ordinary people and the richer ones of the higher classes of the people, some of the royal graves were uncovered.

A description of one of these latter will reveal that the Sumerians were indeed far advanced. The grave generally would be an edifice of



stone or brick (stone always if it were a royal grave). Fine lime plaster covered the inner walls and often the floor of the grave. Men and women richly dressed lay on the bottom of the grave pit; presumably they had been sacrificed as they stood at the time of the burial of the king. In one grave, soldiers of the guard lay at the foot of the slope that led down into the grave.

In all the graves there was lavish evidence of wealth and culture. The architecture shows that the people were familiar with the arch, the vault and the dome even at that early date. Objects of gold and silver, both personal ornaments and vessels and weapons, even tools made of these precious metals are found in abundance; for instance in one grave, a grave of a prince named Meskalamdug, there were found two large bowls and a shell-shaped lamp of gold all engraved with the name of the prince. He had on a silver belt from which hung a dagger with a gold blade and a gold-studded hilt. Bracelets of triangular beads of gold and lapis lazuli are found in profusion as are also earrings and bracelets of gold and silver, cups of silver and copper, daggers, copper spears, axes, adzes, etc.

#### THE FLOOD

But the most interesting find which may also turn out to be the most important was the unearthing of evidences of a great flood. At some distance beneath the cemetery mentioned above, many of the graves of which certainly date back to a time before 3000, the excavators came upon a "layer or bank of clean water-laid clay," to quote from the description given by Fr. Eric Burrows, S.J., a member of the Ur expedition, "wholly free from cultural remains and containing nothing but one fossilized fragment of animal bone." Above and beneath this deposit of clay there were "relics of primitive town-life." "We have, therefore," concludes Fr. Burrows, "found evidence of a flood of extraordinary depth which overwhelmed, to all appearance, the primitive civilization of the Euphrates valley."

Fr. Burrows' affirmation does not stand alone. Mr. Woolley declared after an examination of the evidence for this flood that "only one agent, a deluge of unparalleled proportions in the history of Mesopotamia, could have caused such a deposit."

Evidence of the same sort for a flood was found at Kish and authorities were one in accepting the evidence as proof of a deluge of very immense proportions. Stephen Langdon, after having attracted univer-



sal attention by his articles in the Times and the Daily Telegraph, later treated the subject in several columns of the Illustrated London News (Feb. 8, 1930) under the title of The Biblical Deluge An Ascertained Fact. A diagram accompanied his report and this diagram helped the reader to detect the different levels of civilization. The hiatus caused by the flood level was apparent. In the excavations at Kish the following levels were distinguished: The primitive level, the prehistoric level, the hiatus caused by the flood, and the level which testifies to return of civilization. Langdon, in his summing up of the evidence, was no less enthusiastic and positive than Woolley for he said: "It is a proof that the whole city, at a date near 3300 B.C., was covered by a gigantic deluge."

#### INTERPRETATIONS

What conclusions present themselves to our mind in regard to the relation of these late discoveries in Chaldea with the Bible accounts of early history?

1. The Bible seems to say that after the flood which only Noah and his wife and his three sons and their wives escaped, man made his first permanent settlement in the southern part of the land between the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers. The Bible calls this land the Land of Senaar (the land between the two rivers?). In later history it was commonly divided into two parts, Akkad the northern portion including Babylon, and Sumer the south portion around the Persian Gulf including Ur. The people seem to have settled first in the northern part around Babylon, therefore also around Kish which indeed may have been the earliest site of Babylon. Naturally some of them would drift down towards the Persian Gulf where the land was far richer. So that when a strong people lured by the richness of the land around the Gulf would invade the southern portion they would find scattered settlements there. And also the Bible says that the Euphrates valley was the first center of civilization. From here, it seems to say, civilization spread to Egypt and to other parts of the world.

Now what Mr. Woolley has found surely does not contradict this natural story of the development of the human race. He finds that the Sumerians invaded Sumer, the southern part of the valley after there had been scattered settlements there and some of these early inhabitants surely came from the north or from the section around Babylon. He finds that the suzerainty of Kish a northern city preceded that of Ur a southern city, by two dynasties. He finds that the first kings of the

Kish dynasty were of Akkadian origin and that only later some of them were Sumerians. He finds that Sumerian civilization and culture had a pronounced effect on early pre-dynastic culture in Egypt and he finds that the Sumerians had a most powerful influence on practically all the known world and that this influence was almost paramount for over a thousand years.

So, the late discoveries in Chaldea, as far as they go do not seem to contradict anything that is said in the Bible, indeed the findings seem to corroborate what the Bible says and indicates. If only some excavations would uncover some evidence of Nemrod the first empire builder who must have had something to do with the founding and the sovereignty of the cities of the north, perhaps we could see more clearly just how and where all the history lately excavated fits into the scheme of the story of the world and its inhabitants.

2. We all know the story of the flood as told by the Bible. Whether the results of the recent excavations throw any light on that story is not clear as yet. Evidently Stephen Langdon thinks they prove the fact of the flood. Others are not so forward. Dhorme, in the *Reveu Biblique*, Vol. XXXIX (1930), in an article entitled *Le Deluge Babylonien* (pages 481-502), says that the new discoveries prove at least that the flood which the early writings of the Chaldeans mention was not a myth but was the very one which the Ur and the Kish diggings have brought to light. Woolley agrees with Dhorme in this conclusion as does also Dr. Burrows. Still others claim that even this statement should not be made; it is still too early and the evidence is not extensive enough.

Five sources of Babylonia and Assyria mention a mammoth flood in the dawn of history. It was so great that it marked a dating point in all the documents of that early age; for the kings of Erech, Kish and Ur and all the most ancient cities are spoken of as pre-flood kings and post-flood kings. It may be that all these early documents speak of the flood evidenced by the late diggings or it may even be that the documents speak of the same flood the Bible tells of. Until we have more extensive evidence of a more universal deluge it would seem to be a little rash to say that the Ur excavations of recent years give us proof additional to the Bible's authority for the deluge by which God punished all the earth. But there seems to be probability to the statement that the excavations have unearthed material evidence of the flood that is immortalized in old Babylonian and Assyrian literature.

## Gathered at Dawn

### SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

#### XXIII

Near the entrance of the cemetery of the Italian town, Pisa, in a rather dark corner of one of the *loggiati* (galleries), there is a beautiful white marble slab portraying a Guardian Angel lifting a child to heaven. Beneath this relief is a name, "Guglielmina Tacchi," and an inscription telling of a short life and of the grief experienced by those who remain.

#### WILHELMINA TACCHI 1898-1909

It was on February 2, 1898, in the historic city of Pisa, the pride of Tuscany, that a little girl was born to Eugene Tacchi and Maria-Isolina Marconi. Two days later she was baptized by her uncle, Don Alfredo Marconi, in the famous baptistry of the Cathedral.

Signor Tacchi was an outstanding example of the fine Christian gentleman, thoroughly pious and of solid character. A little over a year after Wilhelmina's birth, he was struck so forcibly by a passing cyclist that he was badly shaken up and his arm was broken. For four weeks the doctors sought to aid him, but all that they could do was of no help for the stricken man. Complications set in, and the end came rapidly. It was evening, and from the myriad belfries of the Italian metropolis the bells rang out the evening Angelus. Faithful to a life-long custom, Eugene gathered his remaining strength and once more saluted Our Lady and, as he finished, sank back lifeless. It was June 5, 1899; the child was only one year and five months old.

#### "SEEK THAT SHE GROWS UP TO BE A SAINT"

The days passed, and the mother sought to relieve her sorrow in works of charity, so that Pisa often saw the mother with her child in her arms going about on errands of charity and mercy. It was not long before Wilhelmina began to lisp the names of "Mamma," "Jesus," "Mary"—ever so indistinctly, indeed, but mothers are such wonderful interpreters of baby lips. Thus a year passed, and once more shadows stole into the home of the Tacchi. Signora Tacchi, never a very strong woman, weakened by grief, took to her bed, from which she never arose. Quickly and surely she approached death, but without any sign of fear. Shortly before death, she called her brother Alfredo to her side:

"Don't bother any more about my body," she said, "but think only of my soul. Help me to die well."

A little later, she called her sister Regina to her side.

"You shall be a mother to Wilhelmina," she said, as she slipped her wedding ring from her own finger onto that of her sister. "I confide the child to you. She is now without father or mother, and you must now take good care of her. Keep her from evil, preserve her from dangerous contacts, and for my sake, see that she grows up to be a saint!"

Later in that same day, Signora Tacchi, when speaking to a bosom friend, said quite simply and determinedly: "When I am gone, my little darling will not stay long here on earth!"

She lingered till July 16, 1900, and with the kiss of her baby's lips still fresh upon her, the mother went to God. Wilhelmina was two years and five months old.

#### UNCLE BEDO'S CRUCIFIX

If you go to Pisa today, and walk down Via San Giuseppe, you will come upon a little palace (*palazzina*) at the corner of Via Martiri—the number of the house is 17. Here Wilhelmina spent the days of her childhood, and here she went to God. Her aunt, Regina, now Signora Enrico Schirer, became a real mother to the child. "Mamina Gegia" she called her, since her little tongue could not pronounce the word "Regina." The family surroundings of the child left nothing to be desired, and child and grandmother became great pals. She found her recreation in a beautiful enclosed garden, which became for her a Paradise re-found. She was intelligent, open and attentive. By nature she was calm and thoughtful, and strange to say, did not easily cry. Her personal appearance made her quite an attraction. Her olive tinted face, so beautiful in Italian children, was framed with a luxuriance of jet black hair, and animated by deep black eyes, which they say could reflect seriousness and mischief equally well.

When she was two and one-half years old, she could recite the Hail Mary and the *Requiem Aeternam*, which she from now on said frequently for her dead parents. Like all Italian children, she had a veritable passion for *immaginetti* (holy pictures), which she, as usual among little Italians, would kiss very devoutly; and she would insist on kissing those of the others as well. Unbecoming language would make her turn pale and she could not resist letting the offender know about his wrong. One day she was crossing the bridge called Solferino, where she passed three men, one of whom uttered a blasphemous expression. The little one stopped momentarily, and then ran to the man, her little eyes afire with righteous anger.

"No, no!" she cried, "don't blaspheme; the Name of the Lord is given to be praised!"

She loved to listen to others while they spoke of religious topics. She might be playing and amusing herself with her toys—things that she loved very dearly—but no sooner did anyone begin to speak of Jesus and His concerns, when she was all attention.

Each evening before she was tucked away for the night, the ceremony of "I am going to kiss Bedo's Jesus" took place. "Bedo" was the child's name for her Reverend uncle, Alfredo Marconi. In his apartment, on the bureau, he had a beautiful crucifix toward which the child was very partial. Each evening, after she had said that she was going to bed, she would steal ever so quietly to her uncle's door and ask permission to enter with that inimitable Italian courtesy, "*Permesso?*" The permission being granted, she would tiptoe to the dresser and take down the beautiful crucifix and cover it with kisses. Often she would scruple whether she had given sufficient, and would quietly steal back again to satisfy her devotion.

Early in life, Wilhelmina acquired a strong devotion toward Our Blessed Mother, under the title of *Addolorata*, Our Lady of Sorrows. Morning and evening prayers were always said before her picture, which hung in the child's room, and as we shall see, the Mother of Sorrows was not unmindful of Wilhelmina in her last hours.

#### TOWARD PERFECTION

When the child was five years old, she began to ask permission to go to confession. This was granted to her a half a year later. One year before this she was placed in the institute of the *Giuseppine* (Sisters of St. Joseph), where she was noted for her quick understanding, and wide-awake mind. She retained things with scarcely any effort, and never had to apply herself very much. She loved the hour of religious instruction, and when scarcely eight years old, she could play little pieces on the piano with rare feeling and ability. Every Sunday, Aunt Regina used to catechize in the parish church and would take Wilhelmina along. The child was delighted, and could never be sated when the topic of instruction turned on the Blessed Eucharist.

But we must not imagine that the child was entirely flawless. In her case, however, there seemed to have been a very limited inheritance of human failings. Although Italian blood flowed through her veins, she was not given to anger or wilfulness or vanity. She submitted easily and

obedience cost her very little. What later life would have produced we do not know, but this child, withal a lively and carefree youngster, showed very few traits of imperfection.

In August, 1903, she was confirmed, being then but five and one-half years old. She prepared herself with the greatest care, and was confirmed in the archepiscopal chapel by Card. Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa. She was described at this time as having "a smile so sweet that she seemed an angel of passage upon earth." The Holy Ghost found very little to hinder His work in this pure soul, and it was noted how marked was His gift of wisdom to this child. Her candor and limpidness of soul deepened, and the spirit of sacrifice became a definite characteristic of her life.

"GESÙ MIO ED I MIEI POVERI"

Her favorite ejaculatory prayer was "Tutto per amor di Gesù" (All for the love of Jesus), which she used whenever anything painful was asked of her. From the age of four she began to deprive herself of little things and give them to the poor. Even before she was seven she insisted on observing the law of abstinence. When told that she was too little for that, she replied:

"Uncle Bedo said that we should do penance; I, too, must do so!"

But the most pronounced virtue of this child seemed to be her love for the poor of Christ. She early learned that the poor were Christ's own, and put it into practice, at times in a very exquisite manner. Her French biographer calls her "*Petite maman des pauvres*" (Little mother of the poor), and she herself found justification and stimulus for all charity in the little expression "*Gesù mio ed i miei poveri*" (My Jesus and my poor).

Of course, at times this charity seemed to go beyond the bounds of common sense. But after all, who is to judge of that, when there is question of the Holy Ghost working in His saints? One cold day, a poor woman, pressing her child against her to keep the little one warm, came to the house. As soon as Wilhelmina saw her she raced down the stairs to meet her. She looked with pity on the child dressed in thin clothing, lacking shoes, shivering in the cold.

"Why don't you put his shoes on?" she asked the mother. "See how he trembles in the cold!"

"Ah, my little miss," answered the poor woman, "I would do so, but I have no money with which to buy shoes." But money meant nothing

to Wilhelmina—this child needed shoes. She sat herself on the stairs and in a trice she handed the poor woman a pair of nice shoes.

"Try these on him," she said, "and if they fit, I will make a gift of them to him." And thus Aunt Regina was called on to subsidize the child's largeheartedness.

At another time—she was eight—she saw a poor girl dressed in a ragged petticoat. Wilhelmina attracted her attention, and to the astonishment of her aunts, she pulled off her own dress, and from the balcony of the hotel where they were staying for the summer, she tossed the dress to the poor child. Her aunts looked up at her reprovingly, but she shook her black curls quite decisively, and called down to them:

"I can put on another dress, but this poor little girl didn't even have one!" What can one answer to such logic? At home, the family always kept a supply of old clothes on hand for the poor; here at the hotel there was no such supply, so she had to create it.

Among the poor who came regularly to the Marconi residence for help there was a certain Cintelesi. Tanned, wrinkled, and with quavering voice, and blind—he was Wilhelmina's favorite. One day, Cintelesi asked for something to eat. The child, just as Pius X was accustomed to do, went off to the kitchen to see what she could find. The cook was absent at the time, but had prepared two beefsteaks, which needed only to be served. The child saw these and, taking one of them, she made a sandwich out of it and gave it to the astonished beggar. Shortly after, the cook came back and grew quite angry at the cat because of the larceny. But Wilhelmina defended the cat in her own inimitable way:

"The little cat, Madame," she said, "it is I! I gave the beefsteak to poor Cintelesi; we must practice charity!" What the cook said is not recorded, but she must have been used to these larcenies long before this, since the child was nine years old at this time.

#### THE KING RIDES FORTH INTO THE DAWN

In December, 1908, Wilhelmina complained of a headache, and of feeling very much indisposed. That evening her fever mounted, and a doctor was called. He saw nothing serious in the sickness, and soon the fever was gone. A few days later, however, the fever returned and, after a careful examination, the doctors found Wilhelmina to have leakage of the heart. Everything was done to effect a cure; a consultation of six doctors was called, prayers stormed heaven, but recovery was not written in the books of God. The child was calm and resigned, although



she did not know the full extent of her malady. But she found her enforced idleness very difficult to bear at times when she would hear the voices of her playmates float up to her from the street. "All the other children play," she said one day, rather sadly, "and I can do nothing because of my weak little heart!" Yet she preserved her tranquility and sweetness, despite all pain and sleeplessness. Her "*Tutto per amor di Gesù*" became now the sedative of all pain, and the interpretation of all discomfort.

Springtime came and once more stole away, and the garden was brilliant in color, and heavy with the aroma of the flowers. The Feast of Corpus Christi was approaching. Her aunt was telling her one morning about the beauty of the Feast, when the child broke in on her with these words, freighted with longing and desire:

"O when will you bring Jesus to me!"

"Do you wish to make your First Holy Communion in bed?" her aunt asked her.

"Yes, yes," came the quick reply, "I want Jesus so much, and I long to make my First Communion as soon as possible."

Msgr. Parenti of the Cathedral, the child's confessor, was informed of the child's desire, and came immediately. He heard the confession of his saintly little penitent, and decided that she could receive her First Communion on that very day. The children who were to make their First Communion that year were quickly gathered together and formed a cortege for the Blessed Sacrament; an altar was erected in the room, and Wilhelmina dressed in a snow white dress. Soon the tinkling of the bell came up through the open window—Jesus was coming at last. The room was charged with emotion as the venerable priest brought in the Blessed Sacrament, but the immaculate form on the bed was perfectly still, face slightly flushed—a picture of perfect recollection. The Sacred Host was given, the shining eyes closed, the child seemed to be in an ecstasy. They called her but she did not answer; they grew insistent, but she was silent; they caressed her face, she remained immovable—her hands crossed upon her breast. One would almost think she had flown to God, but finally she opened her eyes, and a heavenly smile played upon her face, as she said:

"I am with Jesus!" She pressed her little hands upon her breast as she said over and over again:

"I have Jesus, *il buon Signore!*" The good Master! What a wealth



of meaning and affection those Latins put into that elusive word "*Signore*"!

"I WANT JESUS ONCE MORE BEFORE I FALL ASLEEP!"

Several days later, Wilhelmina received again. She spoke of nothing save receiving Holy Communion; to everyone who visited her, she spoke of it, urging that they receive Communion as much as possible. Several hours after receiving her second Communion, they noticed that a shadow of sadness came over her. When questioned about it, she said that she was a little disappointed because she was not given another opportunity of seeing "*la bella Signora dell'altra volta*" (the beautiful Lady of a former time). When pressed for an explanation of that phrase, she candidly narrated how, on the night following her First Communion, a lady dressed in black suddenly entered her room, smiled down on her and then disappeared. No doubt, it was Wilhelmina's Addolorata, come to reassure her in the last hours.

It was the evening of the Feast of St. Aloysius, June 21, and the little sufferer would scarcely last through the night. The evening was quiet and starlit with all the glory of the Italian skies. As her biographer remarks, quoting from elsewhere: "The stars obediently move in the great silences, and on the other side of the heavens, behold the *Sanctus*." There was sacredness in every breath of air, as Extreme Unction was administered and the Last Blessing given. Aunt Regina sat at the bedside and wiped the moisture from the child's brow. Suddenly, just as the dawn was being heralded in the East, the child seemed to awaken from her stupor. She opened her eyes, radiant with heavenly light, and in a clear, musical voice said to those around her:

"I want Jesus once more before I fall asleep! I am so sleepy!"

Not knowing how to interpret the wish, they assured her that the good God was always with her. But she shook her little head, showing that they had not understood.

"I want Jesus in the Host, Jesus in the Sacrament, before I go to sleep," she said insistently, "Hurry!"

The Blessed Sacrament was quickly brought, and as the Sacred Host was being brought to her lips, her face was transfigured with a smile as she repeated, "Come Jesus! Come Jesus!" A few moments of thanksgiving followed, and then the little head sank forward, the eyes closed, the little figure relaxed—she continued her thanksgiving with the angels.

Outside the East was red with the coming day—June 22, 1909. Wil-

helmina was but eleven years, four months and twenty days old—young in years, indeed, but how marvelously advanced in virtue!

## FRAGRANT SOUVENIRS

For two days children and adults crowded into the Marconi home to view the remains of Wilhelmina. Banked with lilies and white roses, the white clad figure presented a sight that could never be forgotten. The funeral took place at the parish church of San Ranieri and was attended by a great concourse of people. The newspapers of the city gave long accounts of the child, who was called an "angel" by people and press alike. Her uncle, Don Alfredo Marconi, who wrote her life in Italian, sums up the impression of her life in one adjective, "the angelic Wilhelmina." Now she sleeps in a quiet nook of the *Campo Santo*, the holy field, as Italians call cemeteries. Her influence over her fellow citizens has been great, and it is to be hoped that her life will help our own little ones to a realization of the wishes of Christ, that all little ones feel that He is theirs and they are His.

To those of maturer years, this life might open up avenues of endeavor—endeavor to fire our children with the ambition to be at the Communion rail, as the finest effort of their lives. What this would mean is well brought out by a quotation from Cardinal Mercier, with which I bring this sketch of Wilhelmina Tacchi to a close:

"I declare to you (His Eminence said), that I will appear confidently before my Supreme Judge, to render an account of my episcopate, if I have succeeded in effecting that in every parish of my diocese, a Mass is said each morning with frequent and daily reception of Communion by the children. This will be the return to the Eucharistic piety of the first age of Christianity. And at the same time, this will be for the generation of tomorrow, an excellent preparation for that heartfelt brotherhood which was the boast and the power of the Apostolic times."



*Worldly joys are like other worldly goods: Possessed, they are a burden; loved, they are a defilement; lost, they are a torment.—St. Bernard.*



*It may take a long time for the right to prevail. But then its triumph is doubly great.*

## Why All These Laws?

F. E. BIETER, C.Ss.R.

A sponsor is prescribed by the law of the Church for a person being baptized. Some of the laws that pertain to sponsors are explained here. "Who can be a sponsor at baptism" will be discussed next month.

Canon 762: *According to a very old custom of the Church, no one should be baptized solemnly unless he has a sponsor, if it can be done. Even in private baptism a sponsor should be used if it can easily be done; but if there was no sponsor, one should be*

*employed in supplying the ceremonies of baptism. But in this case no spiritual relationship is contracted.*

The custom of having a sponsor present the person to be baptized is indeed a very old one.

Baptism is the sacrament of regeneration. Though invisible, a very real and supernatural life is given to the child in baptism. For his bodily life and well-being, the child needs a parent, one who will nourish, support, defend and instruct him until he is able to take care of himself. Similarly in his spiritual life, it was seen fitting that someone should instruct him in the teachings of faith, should present him for baptism, and help him lead the life of a Christian. If the person to be baptized was not an adult, but a small child, then the sponsor likewise became the representative who, in the name of the child, answered questions, professed his belief and renounced Satan. The sponsor therefore made himself responsible for the religious training and care of the child. The person baptized, through his new life, became a child of God. Hence, too, the sponsor is called godfather or godmother.

It is this beautiful and ancient custom that the Church wishes to have retained. However, since the presence of a sponsor is not necessary for the validity of the sacrament, it would be wrong to insist on a sponsor too strongly. Hence, the canon prescribes a sponsor in solemn baptism, "if it can be done" and in private baptism, "if it can easily be done." A sponsor is more necessary in solemn baptism for the prayers, responses, profession of faith and renunciation of the devil. Hence, he may be omitted more easily in private baptism, as the canon suggests. Similarly, the canon desires that a sponsor should be employed when the ceremonies of baptism are being supplied. These ceremonies presuppose a sponsor, and would become defective without one.

Canon 768 states that the sponsor contracts a spiritual relationship with the godchild. But this is true only when the sponsor participated in an actual baptism. Hence, this canon makes it plain that the godparent who took part only in the supplying of ceremonies does not contract a spiritual relationship with the child.

**Spiritual  
relationship**

Canon 763: *When baptism is repeated conditionally, the same sponsor, if possible, should be employed who took part in the first baptism. But outside of this case, for conditional baptism a sponsor is not necessary.*

Baptism is repeated conditionally when there is some prudent doubt whether the first baptism was valid. If in fact the first baptism was valid, then the second will produce no effect. But if the first was really null and void, then of course the second will be valid. If the same sponsor is used for both ceremonies, then there will be no doubt about his sponsorship. That is desirable. Hence, the canon directs that the same person should act as sponsor in both ceremonies.

**Conditional  
baptism**

But if no sponsor was employed for the first baptism, it will not be necessary to have a sponsor at all, if the sacrament should be repeated conditionally. Why this law? Since it is not certain which of the two baptisms really produced the sacramental effect, the sponsor who was present only at the second ceremony is, at best, a doubtful sponsor. That uncertainty would free him from his obligations. And, therefore, there would be little practical utility in having a sponsor at all. Hence, the canon says that he is not necessary. Still the law does not forbid employing a sponsor for conditional baptism.

The second paragraph of this canon states: *When baptism is conditionally repeated, neither the sponsor who was present at the first baptism, nor the one employed in the second, contracts spiritual relationship unless the same sponsor took part in both baptisms.*

Spiritual relationship between the sponsor and the child arises entirely from ecclesiastical law. It is therefore the right of the ecclesiastical legislator to determine when the law produces this effect.

**Relationship  
in doubtful  
Baptism**

And in this canon the law decides that a doubtful or conditional baptism does not cause spiritual relationship. If, however, the same sponsor should have assisted at a doubtful baptism, and again at its repetition conditionally, then the relationship

would follow. Between the two baptisms it is certain that he was sponsor when the child was really baptized.

Canon 764: *There should be but one sponsor even though of different sex from the person baptized; or at most two, a man and a woman.*

During the first centuries it was customary to have but one sponsor. Later the custom arose in various localities of having several. The

Council of Trent in the sixteenth century made the law as it is now contained in the Code. Why does the Church limit the number of sponsors to one, or at most, two? First, because that is more in conformity with the ancient practice of the Church. There is also a practical reason. The spiritual relationship that arises between the sponsor and the godchild is a nullifying impediment to marriage between the persons so related. It would be detrimental if these impediments became very numerous. Hence, the Church restricts the number of sponsors.

Finally, it might be added that if there were many sponsors, the purpose of the institution would be weakened. One or two are more apt to care for the spiritual good of a neglected godchild. If there are many, the personal responsibility of each one would be diminished.

If there are two sponsors, why should one be a man, the other a woman? There is a true spiritual parenthood between the godparents and the child. It is fitting, then, that they be of opposite sex. But the principal reason for the law is to forbid two sponsors, both of opposite sex, to the child. For if this practice were allowed, it would result in an increased number of impediments to marriage, which would not be beneficial to society.

### THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

The Church, like her Divine Author, regards, consults, labours for the individual soul; she looks at the souls for whom Christ dies, and who are made over to her, and her one object, for which everything is sacrificed—appearances, reputation, worldly triumph—is to acquit herself of this most awful responsibility. Her one duty is to bring forward the elect to salvation;—to take offences out of their path, to warn them of sin, to rescue them from evil, to convert them, to protect them, and to perfect them. O most tender loving Mother, illjudged by the world, which thinks she is, like herself, always minding the main chance; on the contrary, it is her keen view of things spiritual, and her love for the soul which hampers her in her negotiations and her measures on this hard, cold earth which is the place of her sojourning.—*Newman.*

## Catholic Anecdotes



### WHERE GOD IS

One day, while strolling in a wood near Fernay, Voltaire met a boy running after butterflies. Voltaire stopped him and ask him what his religion was.

"I am a Catholic," the boy replied.

"Well, well; and do you know your Catechism?" asked Voltaire.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "I know it perfectly."

"Then listen," returned the freethinker. "You see that apple-tree, covered with apples? Well, all those apples are yours if you can give me the answer to the question I shall ask you."

"If the question is in the Catechism, sir, I am sure I can answer it."

"Listen then, my little friend. All those apples are yours if you can tell me where God is."

The boy was puzzled for a moment. Then looking straight in the eyes of Voltaire, he said:

"And you, sir, can you tell me where God is not?"

### A QUEEN MOTHER'S LESSON

During the hard winter of 1783-4 in Paris, Marie Antoinette, queen of the unfortunate Louis XVI, gave her children a lesson in charity and self-denial.

On the day before New Year's, she had her lady-in-waiting search the shops of Paris for the finest toys to be had. Many samples were brought to the Queen's apartments and were placed on display in one of the rooms. Then the Queen entered, leading her children by the hand; but instead of allowing them to grasp the presents, she restrained them saying:

"I should like to have given you all these pretty things, but the winter is very severe this year and there are many, many unhappy creatures who have nothing to eat, no clothes, no wood to warm themselves. I have given all my money away in order to help them. I have none left for presents, so you must do without them this year."



*Opposition may be a godsend. It serves to shake us out of a false sense of security and thus revive our languishing spirits.*

## Pointed Paragraphs

### THE ASSUMPTION

From the first century downward, Christians have ever hailed the feast of the Assumption of the Mother of God into heaven. It was with exquisite delicacy that the early Christians never spoke liturgically of the "Death" of Mary, but only of her "Dormition," her sleep. They could not conceive how it was possible that the most pure flesh of Mary of whom Christ the Lord was born, should ever become the victim of corruption, which is the unfailing inheritance for the common offspring of Adam.

So great was the respect of some of the early Fathers that some, as for example St. Epiphanius, dared not assert that Mary even died. Others insist on calling the day of her death "Transitus" (passing away) or "Depositio" (deposition), while all call the day of her death "Natalis" (birthday).

This traditional respect has come down to us as a sacred legacy, and every Christian heart rejoices at the very name of Assumption, because of the things it naturally implies. No Catholic would dare deny the doctrine of the bodily Assumption of Mary, although it is not as yet a defined doctrine of the Church. This preservation from corruption and assumption is rightly due to the Mother of God because of her spotless purity; nor would it seem right that the flesh that aided in the formation of the Sacred Body of Christ, and the hands that tended Him, the lips that met His lips, should ever be tainted by the least disintegration. Thus, from the fourth century certainly, and possibly from the second century, the Catholic world made a yearly commemoration of this marvelous privilege.

To us of modern times, the feast has its peculiar significance. Surrounded as we are by the temptations and allurements of luxury and its concomitants of vanity and materialism, we find a wonderful uplift when we view the Mother of God exalted in glory. How clearly she shows that the beauty of the king's daughter is from within! The light that shines in her body now is but the radiation of the light that she caught up in her soul during her earthly life. The reason why she has that body at all in heaven is because of her own spotless virginity. It is therefore the soul that counts.



Man's greatness is not measured in muscle and brawn, in classic profile or artistic form—man's greatness is from within. To us the Assumption means the conquest of a soul—it means the glorification of man's body as God wishes it to be glorified. Materialism—the "ism" of today—has its greatest condemnation in the feast we celebrate this month; humble living, sacrificial living, has its greatest stimulus in the Assumption of the Mother of God!

### CATHOLIC PRESS IDEALS

Quite a thorough self-examination was made by the leaders of the Catholic Press in America at the annual Convention of the Association held in June. It should interest Catholic readers to the extent of warmer support and cooperation to know that concentrated attention is being given to the problems of their Press.

Statistically considered, it was pointed out that the field of Catholic publications has almost unlimited possibilities of extension. The combined circulation of the 310 Catholic publications in the United States is somewhat above seven million, or one for each three Catholics in the country. The combined circulation of the secular newspapers and periodicals in the country is almost four hundred million, or over three for each man, woman and child in the country.

Despite the huge field for extending the Catholic Press, the Association will continue to wage war vigorously upon all publications that use unethical methods in canvassing subscriptions.

With regard to the character of Catholic publications, particularly magazines, it was quite clearly stated by some that standards of reader-interest must be raised. Mr. Simon A. Baldus, Managing Editor of *Extension*, urged the necessity of putting out the kind of a magazine that appeals not only to the priests who write it, but to the average man and woman of today.

The Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., Editor of the *Catholic World*, said he was convinced that the problem of reader-interest lay not so much in the fault of the Editor as in the people. "The Catholic mind," he said, "has become secularized, Catholics are hereditary lovers of art and real culture, but today are surrounded by pagan civilization and are immersed in it." The solution of the problem lies in the hands of Catholic educators, and if they are unable to cope with the destructive forces, then it should go back farther to the family working in conjunction with the parish priest.



The truth is, no doubt, that both factors, editors and readers, must be considered in extending the influence of the Catholic Press. The Liguorian has before defended the view that a distinctly Catholic periodical can and should possess a decidedly human appeal; but at the same time, it must be conceded that the appeal will miss those in whom all religious interest is dead. To create that is the problem of education.

### FOR CATHOLIC HOMES

Sometimes it is only the thought of what it would mean to have something taken away from us that makes us realize its value. A sick man learns to appreciate the blessing of health; only the blind seem to grasp how deeply grateful they should have been for the gift of sight. But both the well man and the seeing can grow more appreciative of God's natural gifts by thinking of what life would be without them.

It is the same in matters of religion. In a tolerant land, we take for granted the conveniences of our faith. Yet how empty our lives would become if suddenly, for example, the Holy Eucharist were taken from us; or if all priests were exiled; or if our Churches were razed to the ground.

These things have happened in Mexico, our neighbor nation, and to say nothing of what the deprivation means to the Mexican people, they should teach a lesson of deeper appreciation to thinking American Catholics.

The latest act of persecution in Mexico is a law in the State of Tabasco prohibiting Mexican Catholics from having sacred images in their homes. There is an uncanny cleverness about persecutors; they know where to strike, if they would destroy all vestiges of religion in human hearts. So they invade the home—tear down the reminders of God and His saints, and know they have struck a blow that will be disastrous for true religion.

There is no law against adorning our American homes with images of Christ and His Blessed Mother and the saints. Sometimes we think that even though there were persecution, there would be no need of such a law. Too many Catholics do not seem to realize the untold spiritual advantages of surrounding themselves with Catholic symbols and reminders; their homes are barren of Catholic art.

The persecution in Mexico should bring an awakening. Artistic Madonnas, images of the Sacred Heart, Crucifixes, pictures of saints, are

easily procured, and surround us with an atmosphere that helps to sanctify.

### "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

The World's Fair at Chicago is in some ways disappointing. True, it has made a playground of the city that had been the most woebegone of many woebegone cities of the depression area. It has started the wheels of industry and the mechanism of business on the southern shore of Lake Michigan. It has made the people of Chicago gay, care-free, merry.

But there is something tawdry about the general appearance of the Fair itself. The buildings, much as their architecture has been heralded, seem like nothing so much as settings of stage scenery, freshly calcimined for the occasion. The visitor is torn between two distinct first impressions: one, that he is in a gigantic circus, and the other, that he is in the hands of all the advertisers and salesmen in the world. For days after his departure he hears the raucous, bellowing, monotonous voices, explaining or displaying this, that or the other product of industry—or trying to draw him on into some side-show for his amusement.

These are first and general impressions. They meet and mingle in the reflective thought that, after all, this does represent the predominant spirit of the times; a spirit that glories in speed, in industrial accomplishments, in pomp and ballyhoo, and one that employs its leisure in light, hollow amusements. Whether, of course, that represents "progress" over a hundred years ago is another question.

In the Hall of Science one gets away for a while from the industrial and circus impressions. Here there are seemingly endless corridors of deeply interesting exhibits, showing the progress in almost all of the natural and experimental sciences. Yet even this has its place in the general scheme of the spirit of the industrial era, for it is only lately that Science is beginning to be discredited as the substitute for religion that so many made it out to be.

It will be interesting, years hence, to read what thoughtful historians write about "A Century of Progress" at Chicago. It is more than interesting now to view it against the background of American life.



*For common-place souls, creatures, instead of being a means of raising them to God, become an end which they seek, and to which they attach themselves, to the neglect of the Creator.—Our Divine Friend.*

# ✱.....LIGUORIANA.....✱

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### THE DEATH OF OUR LADY

There can be no doubt that what makes death hard for world-

ly people is their attachment to worldly goods, as the Holy

Ghost says: *O Death, how bitter*

*is the remembrance of thee to a*

*man that hath peace in his possessions!* But since the Saints die

detached from the things of this world, their death is not bitter, but

sweet, lovely, and precious—that is, as St. Bernard explains the text

*"Precious in the sight of the Lord*

*is the death of His Saints,"* it is worth the highest possible price.

*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.* But who are these people

who are said to be dead before they die? They are simply the

fortunate souls who go into eternity detached and, as it were, dead

to every affection for the things of earth, since they have placed all

their hopes in God, as St. Francis Assisi did when he said: My God

and my all!

But what soul was ever more detached from earthly things and

more united to God than the Blessed Virgin? She was detached

from her relations, because at the age of three years, when

children are usually most attached to their parents, and have the

greatest need of their help, she had bravely left them and gone to

shut herself up in the temple, there to live only for God. She

was detached from earthly possessions, being content to live a poor

life, supporting herself by the work of her hands; detached also

from worldly honors, for she

loved and lived a humble and lowly life, although she deserved the

honors of a queen on account of her descent from the Kings of Is-

rael. She herself revealed to St. Elizabeth the Benedictine that

when she was left in the temple by her relations, she determined

in her heart to have no other father and to love nothing else as good

save only God.

And since, therefore, she lived ever completely detached from the

world and united to God alone, death was to her not bitter but

most sweet and dear; for it united her to God most closely with the

eternal bonds of Paradise.

### DESIRES OF SANCTITY

It is a deceit of the devil to think that the desire to become a

Saint is a sign of pride. It would be

pride and presumption if we trusted in our own

deeds or resolutions, but not if we hope for everything from God. If

we trust in God, He will give us the strength we lack of ourselves.

Let us desire therefore with great desire to arrive at a sublime degree

of the love of God, and let us say with courage: *I can do all*

*things in Him Who strengtheneth me.* And if we find that we do

not possess this desire, at least let us seek it continually and earnestly

in prayer to Our Lord, and He will give it to us.

~

If you love poverty, you own everything. In the things of the

world, we must choose what is worse; in the things of God, what

is better.

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## Book Reviews

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### ASCETICISM

*Our Best Friend.* By Christian Pesch, S.J. Translated from the German by Bernard A. Hausmann, S.J. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 265 pages. Price, \$2.25.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has long since achieved a popularity that is astounding. It is peculiarly fitting that this should be so. One of the chief characteristics of the times is the stark impersonalness of so much religious sentiment and belief. Religion is only "pious but vague feeling;" it is "submission to the Absolute"—without much concern as to what the Absolute may be; or it is simply "right living"—without any distinct relationship to a personal God. These are current definitions accepted as truth by many, and the spirit underlying them sometimes creeps its way into the lives of Catholics.

True religion is a communication between man and God—based on God's communication with man. It is essentially a *personal* affair—and should result in man's knowing, loving and serving God as a Person. "Our Best Friend" is a book that not only energizes devotion to the Sacred Heart, but makes that devotion a means for rendering more personal all the practices of religion. It is solid, warm, devout and inspiring. The titles of some of the chapters are a recommendation in themselves: "Our Noblest Friend;" "A Sympathetic Friend;" "A Generous Friend;" "A Wise Friend;" "A Powerful Friend," etc. The name of Father Christian Pesch, the author, will be, to many, sufficient recommendation of the book as something theologically sound and worthwhile on an appropriate subject.

—D. F. M.

*The Art of Living With God.* By the Most Rev. Jos. F. Busch, D.D. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 219 pages. Price, \$1.50.

Natural motives and helps to the practice of religion are sometimes stressed beyond the importance they hold in the true Christian scheme. The "one thing necessary" is the grace of God, and without that, all natural frameworks of religion will be erected in vain. With the above-mentioned misconception no doubt in view, Bishop Busch offers in this book an

explanation of all Catholic truth and practice in their relation to the one thing necessary—grace. Treatises on the seven Sacraments constitute the major part of the work; participating in these channels of grace is shown to be the secret of "The art of living with God." The author writes in a clear, simple, expository style; and the thread of unity is unbroken throughout the book. Advanced Catechism classes might well be given this book as a guide; it will show the student the Catholic doctrine as a coordinate whole, easily adoptable as the philosophy of life it should be. Exhaustive questions on the text of each chapter are to be found at the end of the book.—D. F. M.

*Eternal Testament.* By Rev. John A. Elbert, S.M., Ph.D. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 117 pages. Price, \$1.00.

This brief treatise on the Holy Eucharist, showing it to be the Center of Catholic Worship, the Remedy for all Evils, the True Remembrance of Christ, and the Pledge of Salvation, is well calculated to arouse devotion towards and increase understanding of Christ's Eternal Testament to man. St. Thomas Aquinas' treatise on the Eucharist is the source of many of the ideas, and a worthier could hardly be sought. The style of the book is warm and pulsating, though the parts are not too well-knit together.—D. F. M.

*Happiness.* By Martin J. Scott, S.J., Litt. D. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York, N. Y. 201 pages. Price, \$2.00.

In these days of so much suffering and sorrow and misfortune Father Scott's book must prove very timely and helpful. He does not offer a "get-rich-quick" remedy; rather, he presents in a new and vivid manner some old and fundamental truths. The central theme of the book is that the true Catholic life is the one genuine source of happiness in this life and the guarantee of eternal bliss in the next. Emphasis is laid on the fact that only the really practical Catholic will find true happiness in his religion, and not the indifferent or half-and-half Catholic.

Even non-Catholics must be impressed by Father Scott's portrayal of the peace and happiness that the true Catholic finds in this life; for he points out that

while all creeds endeavor to smooth the path of man, the Catholic Church has not only all the natural aids to happiness but also supernatural helps,—the Sacraments instituted by Christ for His Church, especially the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist.

Owing to its popular style the book offers very easy reading. Some points are developed almost too thoroughly, and in various chapters this almost creates the impression of needless repetition.

—M. J. H.

#### MARRIAGE

##### *Mixed Marriages and Their Remedies.*

By Rev. Francis Ter Haar, C.Ss.R. Translated by Rev. A. Walter, C.Ss.R. Edited by Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.Ss.R., S.T.D. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. xvii and 201 pages. Price, \$1.75.

One of the most important and often one of the most vexing problems for the parish priest and for the confessor, no doubt, is the question of Mixed Marriages. It is a problem that concerns the Church at large; but it is the pastor and the confessor that feel the problem immediately and personally. They come into contact with it before the marriage is proximate,—during the days of company-keeping; they come into contact with it when things have progressed so far that reason is of little avail. And no doubt every pastor and confessor will welcome some guidance in this matter.

Father TerHaar has given us a study which, if it is not exhaustive, is without question serious, searching and comprehensive. He has taken advantage of all available studies on the question; has carefully considered pertinent Roman Decrees and Instructions; has gathered statistics and tried to evaluate them; has looked at every phase of the question in the light of reason, experience and Faith. Father Connell has, so to speak, brought the treatise up to date by adding, in the appendix, a brief but good commentary on the Decree of the Holy Office, issued January 13, 1932, on Mixed Marriages.

The whole question is extremely practical and as such does not yield itself

easily to generalizations. In life, face to face with the young people who present their case, principle, prudence, tact, zeal and charity all claim their place. But a study of this book will certainly help to form the right attitude towards the matter and will give many indications that will prove illuminating and helpful. Preachers as well as pastors will find in it a wealth of matter for their sermons and instructions.—A. T. Z.

##### *The Pope and Christian Marriage.*

From the German of Rev. Otto Cohausz, S.J., by Rev. George D. Smith, Ph.D., D.D. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 174 pages. Price, paper cover, 50 cents retail; special prices to priests and for quantities.

Surrounded as our Catholic people are by men and women whose ideas of marriage have deviated from the Christian ideal,—forced, almost, as they are to listen to novelist and newspaper writer who broadcast their more or less pagan opinions like Gospel-truths—even our Catholic people are liable to lose the full, clear and unwavering idea of marriage according to Our Savior's plan.

The Holy Father, realizing this, issued his encyclical entitled *Casti Connubii*, in which he covers the whole field in a masterly way and recalls to all minds the teaching of Christ and His Church.

Father Cohausz has seen fit to give us not the mere text of the Holy Father's Encyclical, but a development of it which forms a running commentary. It serves to bring the Pope's letter more clearly within the grasp of lay-people and for them this book was intended. It is quite frank and fairly exhaustive in its treatment, and hence will serve for many practical purposes. It would make a very good series of sermons; it would be a good book for the instruction of those about to be married; it would be good for all young people so that they may form right ideas from the beginning. High school pupils who in the public high schools have social science text-books that are based on evolutionistic doctrine, would do well to read this as a corrective and balance.—A. T. Z.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

## Catholic Events

### PERSONS

*Pope Pius*, on June 28, bestowed the Apostolic Blessing on President Roosevelt at the request of Mayor James M. Curley, of Boston. At a private audience the mayor informed the Pope that he had seen Mr. Roosevelt a week before he sailed from the United States and had told the President that he would ask the Pontiff to confer the blessing on him. He said Mr. Roosevelt had replied that he would be highly honored to receive it. Pope Pius, gratified by Mr. Curley's statement, immediately gave the blessing and charged the mayor to inform the President of this fact. The blessing followed a long discussion concerning the Roosevelt reconstruction program.

*Josephus Daniels*, United States ambassador to Mexico, declared in an address delivered in Mexico City that, freedom of worship is "included in the five salient points which must constitute the new Declaration of Independence." He said "that the possession of liberty must include unrestricted right of freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of worship."

*Mlle Simone Suprin*, a noted French actress, four years ago left the stage and asked for admission to a Dominican Convent. She then wrote to Father Gillet, master general of the Dominican Order and chaplain of the Catholic Union of the Theater: "I would pass my life in the most humble occupations,—sweep the convent,—if you would do me the honor of admitting me for the salvation of artists." She did still more. She has now consecrated herself to the service of the lepers on the island of Trinidad.

*Dr. John A. Ryan* of the Catholic University, writing on "President Roosevelt's Economic Program" in the current issue of *Studies*, asserts that, "if the capitalist system can be saved in the United States, it will be saved through the policies of President Roosevelt." He says: "Possibly it is too late now for even this method. Possibly the Government will have to take over the essential industries. We hope however that the President will succeed. . . . For the first time in three years the people entertain some definite hope. They realize that their President thinks of public welfare in terms of human beings, in terms of the ordinary man. . . . instead of in terms of production and mechanical progress. In form, in subject matter, in tone, in appeal, President Roosevelt's is one of the two or three great inaugural addresses which have been delivered in the one hundred and forty-five years of our national life." While asserting that no one can answer "with assurance of certainty" the question: "Will the measures recommended by the President provide the beginning of a movement out of the depression?" Dr. Ryan thinks, "There is a strong probability that the proper answer is in the affirmative."

*The Rev. Joseph P. Turner*, C.Ss.R., well-known Redemptorist missionary, celebrated on July 10, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The total number of missions, renewals and kindred exercises given by Father Turner has been six hundred. Besides missions and renewals he has preached a great number of retreats to the Holy Name Society, and has conducted clerical retreats in seventeen dioceses. Under Father Turner's guidance many vocations among young men to the religious life were fostered. He counts among ordained priests 105, secular, religious and foreign missionaries, who were directed by him to the sanctuary.



## PLACES.

The proposed amendment to the California State Constitution by which private non-profit schools in the state would have been relieved of taxation was defeated in the special election just held. California is the only State in the Union that imposes such taxes and sentiment was apparently so favorable to abolishing it, that the defeat of the amendment comes as a surprise. It was only in San Francisco that the opponents of the amendment waged a strong fight and the measure fared much better in Los Angeles. Catholics of San Francisco worked hard in the pre-election campaign to bring about elimination of the tax. Protestant clergymen and organizations throughout the State also supported the amendment, as did the secular newspapers in the larger cities, who pointed out in editorials the unfairness of levying taxes against institutions which are saving the tax-payers millions of dollars annually. They pointed out that the private schools are saving the tax-payers \$12,000,000 annually in addition to a capital outlay of \$20,000,000 that would be necessary for school buildings to house the children now being educated privately. The defeat of the amendment was due to three causes, it seems: the opposition of the "Tax-payers' Alliance," which spent thousands of dollars for newspaper advertising and radio broadcasts; the opposition of the Scottish Rite of the Masonic order, who circularized every Mason in California, and whose Clip Sheet came out with a bitter attack on California Catholic Schools; the Hearst papers, which opposed the amendment; and, sad to say, the apathy of Catholics themselves. The Monitor of San Francisco, said: "Certainly more adult Catholics attend Mass in San Francisco than the total number of those who voted 'yes' for tax relief."

*The Concordat between the Holy See and Germany* was initiated on Saturday, July 8, in the apartment of His Eminence, Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State. Vice-Chancellor von Papen acted in behalf of Germany. The pact regulates religious questions for the whole of the German Reich and offers guarantees for religious peace that are especially opportune at this moment, following the dissolution of the Center party and other Catholic associations in Germany. Von Papen declared: "I am convinced that the Concordat will help the spiritual mission of the Church and also contribute greatly to peace among the German people and to the future of the new State." The provisions are similar to those contained in the Concordat between Italy and the Holy See.

*Through the good offices of Most Rev. John B. Peterson, of Manchester, N. H.,* the serious dispute between the workers and employers of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in Manchester was settled and the strike which closed all the mills and caused unfortunate cases of violence was ended. As a result of the Bishop's mediation, the mill owners acceded to the proposal of the Bishop that the workers receive a 15 per cent wage increase and that no discrimination be shown those workers who participated in the strike. The mills agreed to apply Roosevelt's code regulating the relations of employer and employee.

*"A drive among the fall-aways"* conducted by the Most Rev. Thomas J. Toolen, Bishop of Mobile, Ala., according to incomplete reports show that 1,481 families were visited with a total of 5,745 members, in the course of the work. These visits resulted in 279 baptisms and the return of more than 800 to the Sacraments. The Catholic schools of the diocese carried on their work through the whole year, while the schools of 43 counties of the state closed in the month of February.

## L u c i d   I n t e r v a l s

Jessie was sent to a fashionable boarding school, and after she had been there a few weeks the other girls suggested that she should alter her name to Jessica.

When writing to her brother she signed herself by her new name. Soon she received the following reply:

"Dear Jessica—I received your welcome letter. Mamaica and Papaica are quite well. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Goergeica have gone to London. I have a new chum. His name is Sammica Jonesica.—Your affectionate brother, Tommica."

\*

An Irishman visiting a friend in the hospital began to take an interest in the other patients. "What are you in here for?" he asked one.

"I've got tonsillitis and I've got to have my tonsils cut out," was the answer.

"And you?" he asked another.

"I've got blood poisoning in my right arm, and they're going to cut it off," he replied.

"Begorra!" said Pat, in horror, "this ain't no place for me. I've got a cold in my head."

\*

New Californian: "I stopped over in San Juan on my trip."

Old Resident: "Pardon me, but you should say San Huan; you know in California we pronounce all our J's like H's."

New Californian: "Excuse it, please. You see, I've only lived here through Hune and Huly."

\*

Kitty, aged eight, had been naughty, and her father had to scold her before going to work. On his return in the evening, Kitty called, with frigid politeness, "Mother, your husband's home."

\*

Rastus: "Whah yo' gwine?"

Sambo: "Home"

Rastus: "Home! Ah thought you an' yo' missis had a ruckus dis mo'nin'."

Sambo: "Yeah—huh. But Ah done jes thought o' sompin' mo' to say."

\*

"How did you come to have such a long beard?"

"My brother left home ten years ago with the razor."

"Evah sense Ah's done come hom frum work an' sit down in his hyeah chair, Anabelle, dat ol' cat has been cryin' mos' mournfully. Fin' dat cat an' chase it outside, so's Ah can concentrate mah thoughts a little."

"Rufus, you certainly needs to concentrate yo' thoughts a whole lot. You'se jus' been sittin' on dat cat all de time sense you done come in dis home."

\*

Little Elmer accompanied his mother to church, and on the way had been cautioned to keep very quiet during service. But Elmer became restless and said in an audible whisper: "Mamma, when we get home, can I go out in the back yard and holler just once?"

\*

The country lady was not used to rail travel and pestered the conductor a good deal. Finally she asked: "Are you sure the train will stop if you pull that rope?"

"Oh yes, mam."

"Well, how does it work?"

"You see, the other end is around the engineer's neck."

\*

Asked to pray for warm weather so that her grandmother's rheumatism might pass away, a six-year-old girl knelt and said:

"Oh, Lord, please make it hot for grandma."

\*

A traffic expert, speaking of traffic jams abroad, says the London chauffeurs enliven many an occasion with their wit and sarcasm. One London driver drew up when he saw a pedestrian directly in his way and very politely inquired:

"I say, sir; may I ask what are your plans?"

\*

Wife: "Who was it that snored this morning in choir during a pause in the singing?"

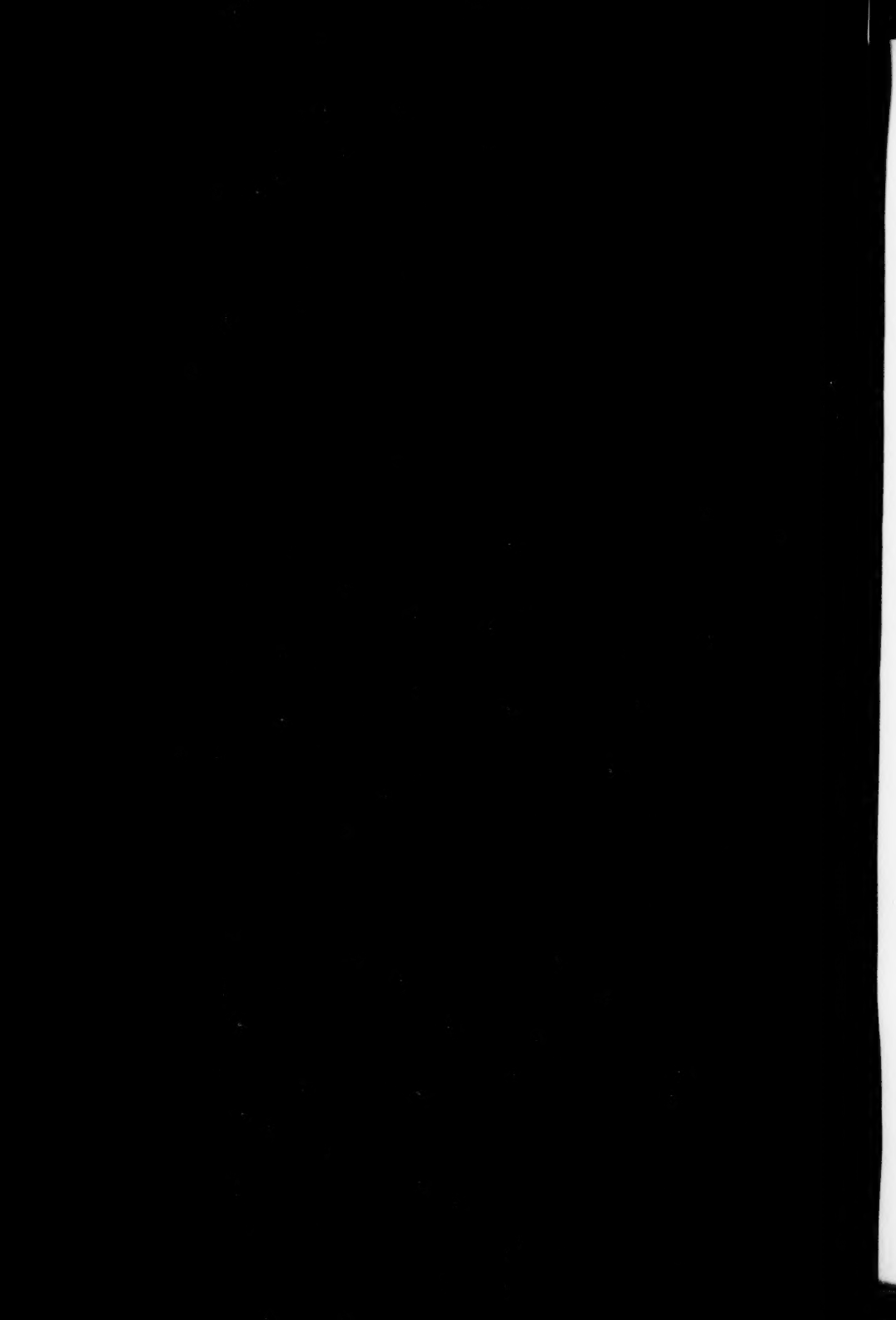
Hubbie: "Snore! Great heavens, woman, that was my bass solo."

\*

A young lady got on a crowded car. A man got up and offered her the seat. "No, thanks," came the reply, "I was practising skating, and—well, I don't care to sit down."







## TEN REASONS

### WHY NOT READ CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS?

- Because I have no time.
- Because there are too many other interesting things to read.
- Because I get enough religion in Church.
- Because I know all about my faith.
- Because they are too expensive.
- Because they are not interesting.
- Because they are not modern, spicy, worldly.
- Because they might open my eyes.
- Because I am indifferent.
- Because they need my support, and make too many appeals.



### WHY READ CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS?

- Because I need instruction.
- Because I need healthy entertainment.
- Because I want to cultivate a Catholic outlook on life.
- Because they are inspiring.
- Because they are good.
- Because their standard is truth.
- Because their philosophy is rational.
- Because their inspiration is Christian.
- Because the good they are doing depends on my interest and support.
- Because they guard me against the dangers around me.

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\* \* \*

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